OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

The Story of Grumble-Tone.

There was a boy named Grumble-Tone, who
run away to sea.
"I'm sick of things on land," he said, "as sick
as I can be!
A life upon the bounding wave will suit a lad
like me!"

The seething ocean billows failed to stimulate
his mirth.
For he did not like the vessel, or the dizzy,
rolling berth,
And he thought the sea was almost as un-
pleasant as the earth.

He wondered into foreign lands, he saw each
wonderous sight.
But nothing that he heard or saw seemed just
exactly right;
And so he journeyed on and on, still seeking
for delight.

He talked with kings and ladies fair, he dined
in courts, they say;
But always found the people dull, and longed
to get away
To search for that mysterious land where he
should like to stay.

He wondered over all the world, his hair grew
white as snow.
He reached that final bourne at last, where all
of us must go;
But never found the land he sought. The
reason would you know?

The reason was, that north or south, where'er
his steps were bent,
On land or sea, in court or hall, he found but
discontent;
*For he took his disposition with him everywhere
he went.*

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in St Nicholas.

Dear Editor:—I have never written for the Children's Column, as I have seen so many letters from the young folks, I thought that I would try and write one to help fill up their page in the EVANGELIST. I don't go to school now. Our school is out. It closed the 17th, of March. My studies were Fourth Reader, Writing, Spelling and Arithmetic. They organized Sunday School last Sunday at the Fair View church. My father, mother, brother and one sister belong to the Brethren church. There were preaching there at ten o'clock, after which five were baptized. I will close for this time hoping to see my first letter in print, if so I may write again. So good by editor,

MINNIE MILLER.

Fellowsville, W. Va.

Dear Editor:—It has been sometime since I wrote for the Children's Column. I had the measles and am over them. Am able to be out again. My sister Vesta and I wanted to have the measles as nearly all the other children in town were having them. We thought we were quite old enough to have a good crop, as I am ten and she is sixteen and sure enough we had quite a time. Neither of us were able to be out for four weeks. Now we have to work hard in school to make up for lost time. I will be so glad when summer comes. It is very pleasant here in summer time. Our town is almost surrounded by lakes. The waters afford the finest fish for the market, regardless of the fish law. The names of our lakes are Eagle, Center and Pike. On the east side of Eagle there is a summer resort and between Center and Pike is another summer resort. These two lakes are connected by a canal. There are a great many row boats on every lake. There is a steamer (called the Daisy) on Eagle lake and one that runs from Center to Pike called the Norman Beckley. Many excursions comes here from different places. The excursionists spend the day boat-riding, fishing, swinging and visiting, and seem so tired that I believe that they are glad to go home.

I remain your little friend,

GRACIE SWITZER.

Warsaw, Ind., March 27, 1887.

Dear Editor:— I thought I would write a few lines for the Children's Column. My ma takes the EVANGELIST, and I like to read the little letters in it, also some of the other reading is very interesting. I am eleven years of age, and I have two brothers and one sister all younger than myself. I go to school every day. I study Reading, Spelling, Writing, Geography, Arithmetic and Grammar. My teacher's name is Alfred Barthel. I like him very well. I will close by answering May Statler's question: Where is the longest verse in the Bible? Esther 8: 9. I will ask a question: What is it that no man can tame?

Good by,

MINA MATTHEWS.

Bristol, Ind., April 3, 1887.

Dear Editor:—This is my third attempt to write for the EVANGELIST. Our school was out tho 18th of March. Our teacher gave us all a nice card to remember her she said, but I think I will remember her any how for she was such a good teacher. We had protracted meeting at Roann. Bro. Swihart and Fitzgerald preached for us. Thirteen came out on the Lord's side. I will close by asking a question: What was Timothy's grandmother's name?

TO J. D. MCFADEN.

Dear Sir:—In reading your letter in the EVANGELIST, I find a question: What became of the brass serpent? I will answer it. This brazen serpent was preserved as a monument of the divine mercy, but in process of time became an instrument of idolatry. I was anxious to receive a paper if I had not already answered it. Yours truly,

FLORENCE V. BLACK.

Roann, Ind., April 6, 1887.

Dear Editor:—I thought I would write a letter for the Children's Column. I must tell the folks where I have been. My sister Bertha and I were in Knox and Richland Co. Saw lots of big hills. Was something I never saw before. We met so many kind uncles, aunts and cousins, will ever remember their kindness. Since I came home I have been going to school. My studies are Reading, Writing, Spelling, Arithmetic, Geography. Our school closed April 8th. I go to Sunday School every Sunday. Mrs. E. Crabill is my Sunday School teacher. Mr. Shivley of Ashland, preached for us today. Mr. Shoe of Sherwood, preached for us two weeks ago. A. M. Ridenour was our minister last year. Was sorry to see him go. I will close hoping to hear from the rest. Good by,

AGNES BOWERS.

West Independence, O., April 10, 1887.

Dear Editor:—I will try again to write a few lines for the Children's Column. I have been silent for a while but while silent have been reading the little folk's letters. It gives me great pleasure to read the letters and see how interested they are in writing for the paper. My papa is at Lima, Ind., conducting a series of meetings and will remain over Sunday. Bro. R. K. Binkley of Huntington, Ind., will fill his appointment at this place. We have a large Sabbath School. I went every Sunday last quarter. I hope I will be blest with health to continue in this good work. I go to school. My teacher's name is Miss Addie Hopkins. We have eight weeks of school yet. I am eleven years old. I have one brother. I will answer Clara B. McCartney's question: Who caused iron to swim? It was Elisha. 2 Kings 6: 6. I will also answer Eva Drake's question: Where in the Bible is the word reverend found? It is found in Ps. 3: 9. I am glad to hear from the little readers of North Manchester. I would like to hear from more. I will close for this time.

OTA SUMMERS.

North Manchester, Ind.

Dear Editor:—This is my first attempt to write for the Children's Column. Our school has closed for this time. I studied Fourth Reader, Arithmetic, History, Spelling, Writing and Drawing. Our teacher's name is B. L. Hewitt. I am eleven years old. My little cousin is staying with us. Her mamma died two years ago this spring. My papa, mamma, brother and myself belong to the Brethren church. Our Sunday School is going to commence next Sunday. Our preacher E. L. Yoder, is going to be our Sunday School superintendent. Think we will have a good Sunday School. I will answer Cora Peck's question: Who was the father of Zebedee's children? Zebedee himself. I will close by asking a question: Where is the shortest verse in the Bible?

ALVERTA LICHTY.

Falls City, Neb., Apr. 4, 1887.

Dear Editor:—Some time ago I saw a letter in the EVANGELIST, from my friend and school mate Ruby L. Hilbert. She wanted me to write again and I thought I would now. We organized our Sunday School at Pleasant Valley school house March 27th. My class has eight scholars with myself. Our teacher's name is Harry L. Genvig. I have too sisters married. Lizzie and Ida. Lizzie lives in Denison, Texas and Ida lives in Barneston, Neb. I wish too that Mrs. Hannah E. Beer would tell us stories about Cal. We are having very nice weather here. Some of the trees are blossoming and the flowers have been out a good while this spring. I will try and answer Louis S. Bauman's question: What king was it that shot the arrow out of the east window over Elisha's head? I think it was king Joash. 2 Kings 15: 17. I will close by asking a question: How many plagues were sent upon king Pharaoh and what were they?

Good by,

ELLA ARNOLD.

Montana, Kan.

Dear Editor:—Well, I have seen so many letters written by the little folks in the EVANGELIST, I must write one too. We have preaching here every four weeks by Eld. Beekly from Edgewood, or Strother Hausel. We have prayer meeting every Thursday night. I love to go to meeting. My mother belongs to the Brethren church. Our school was out the tenth of March. My studies were Reading, Writing, Spelling, Geography and Arithmetic. I am ten years old. As this is my first attempt to write, I hope to see it in print. I will close by asking a question: Who was Cain's wife?

MATTIE PURMAN.

Elkhart, Iowa.

Dear Editor:—I have not written for the Children's Column for quite a while, but I will make an effort to write another one. I go to Sunday School every Sunday at the College Chapel. My teacher's name is Miss Mary Myers. I like her very much. She is a good and kind teacher. I was glad to see that Lucy McCoy had written a letter for the Children's Column, for it brings comfort when we hear that our friends keeps us in memory. We would like to see another letter in the paper from Hannah Beer of California, for it brought joy in our home. To see her name among the little ones, for when we read it, it caused us to look back in the past. I think Uncle Joe has almost forgotten us. We have a week of vacation next week. Our school will not be out until the 3rd, of June. I hope to see this in print, and then I shall try and write another one. Yours truly,

BERTHA J. FULTZ.

Ashland, O., April 2, 1887.

OUR DEAD.

WATKINS:—Manson, son of Bro. John and Sister Watkins, died April 13th, 1887, aged two years, seven months and 22 days. The father, mother, brothers and sisters of this little one who has so lately been cut down by the resistless hand of death, have our heartfelt sympathies in this their sad bereavement.

Live faithful, while here upon earth and you will some day gain admittance to the "fold of God" where you can strike glad hands with the loved ones that have gone the way of all the world. Soon oh! so soon we must all bid farewell to time and timely things. So let us hope and trust that we shall meet little Manson in the glory world where we shall never part.

"We shall sleep but not forever
There will be a glorious dawn
We shall meet to part no never,
In the resurrection morn."

Funeral services conducted by father, J. H. Swihart. Text John 11: 25.

LIZZIE SWIHART.

Rossville, Ind., April 14, 1887.

FURRY—At New Enterprise, Pa., April 12th, 1887, Ross B. Furry, infant son of brother and sister Lee Furry and wife, aged 11 months and 19 days. Funeral services by the writer in the Brethren church assisted by Bro. Charles L. Buck, of the German Baptist church, from 2 Samuel 12: 23.

"Our little Ross our fair one, thy place in the couch is empty now.
Where oft we wiped the dews away which gathered on thy brow;
No more amidst the sleepless night we smooth thy pillow fair,
'Tis smooth indeed, but rest no more thy small pale features there.
Our little Ross our fair one, thou canst not come to us,
But nearer draws the numbered hour, when we shall go to thee,
And thou perchance, with seraph smile, and golden harp in hand
At heaven's gate the first to welcome us, to our Emmanuel land!"